



ព្រះរាជាណាចក្រកម្ពុជា
KHMER REPUBLIC

THE PUBLIC HEALTH DIVISION,
THE RED CROSS SOCIETY OF SIAM.

THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH BOARD.
THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION.

M. E. Barnes, M. D., Senior State Director.

Approaching Bangkok, March 11, 1921.

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Dear Margaret,

At the end of my last letter I was on the way to Amphur Sansai to see Dr. Barnes' hookworm unit no. 1 at work. We found them in a newly constructed leaf house and laboratory. We went from there to the wat (temple) which was packed with an audience of 800 men and a few women waiting for a hookworm lecture. Dr. Herzen and I sat in chairs at the feet of the great gilt Buddha while Dr. Barnes and a Siamese army doctor of his staff lectured in Siamese. Hanging from the pulpit was the ever present hookworm chart. The audience sat still giving absolute attention. At the end of the lecture they were told to sit still to have their pictures taken, and I went back to the doorway, the only source of light of any consequence, and took three exposures of 40 sec. each. The people sat still as mice under Dr. Barnes' coaching until the photo was taken, and, marvellous to relate, all three pictures came out well. In the background is the huge Buddha smiling sardonically. At his feet is the group of upstarts with their hookworm chart and before them sit the priests and the

people. We saw the temple library, a sort of box
in which were kept the books. The books were
bundles of strips of palm leaf on which was most
regular and handsome writing; these leaves were
strung together loosely by strings passing
through two perforations in each page thus



After the meeting there was a microscopic
demonstration outside. We returned to the
headquarters, where we visited with the staff
and discussed methods. While we were there
two soldiers police brought in two prisoners
in chains to the government headquarters
in the same enclosure. They were followed
by two men carrying the evidence consisting
of two bottles of Booze, I suppose the charge
was selling liquor without a license.
I got a photo of the group.

In the yard one of the weeds was the
wonderful sensitive plant. If you touched
a leaf it almost snapped shut and if you
pinched a stem, it bent back to an acute
angle.

We returned to Chiangmai for luncheon.
A couple of native women were waiting to
sell us the beaten silverware of the region
and the lacquer work.



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CHIENGMAI, SIAM.

In the afternoon we called on Mrs. Daniel McGilvary, sister of Prof Bradley of U. of C., and ^{widow} of the pioneer missionary of Chiang Mai. Prof. Bradley was born in Siam and his father was the pioneer medical missionary of at Bangkok. We saw the Chiang Mai Club and watched the polo. The British minister, ^(Mr. Wood) was there with his wife, who is a full native Siamese woman with European education. Mr. & Mrs. Wood and Mr. & Mrs. Harris (missionary-teachers) came to dinner at the Barnes'. Mrs. Harris is the daughter of Mrs. McGilvary.

In the afternoon we visited the market and sampled palm sugar, made like molasses, and quite good. We visited the Chiang Mai prison. In the enclosure there was the constant sound of clanking chains, for most of the prisoners had chains riveted to their legs. In spite of this barbaric use of chains there were evidences of prison reform, for there was a workshop in which the prisoners manufactured baskets and chairs of woven work.

In the corner of the yard was the rice mill where the grains were beaten out by a long row of foot-power hammers. I saw one case of beriberi and several lepers.

We drove out to the tombs of the Chiang Mai kings and I photographed them with the adjoining ruined wall.

At luncheon we had curry on glutinous rice. This sticky rice is peculiar to the region and is ~~too~~ very good. We also had black rice for porridge and napped rice cakes.

We saw a couple of Buddhist priests standing with their notebooks in the street silently waiting in front of a house for their donation. They held bowls in which to put the money.

We have reached the next day, March 8. In the forenoon we visited the Luekhae (county) Sarapee and saw evidence of Dr. Barnes' activities. On the way back we stopped at a wat and asked the priests to wheel the big temple drum (called "gong" or "long") into the sun so that we could photograph it, which they did.

In the afternoon Dr. & Mrs. Barnes, Dr. Heiser and I called on the Chao Dara (meaning third wife) one of the widows of the late King of Siam and daughter of the last king of Chiangmai, and



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ឧប់រង សារការណ៍រដ្ឋបាល

CHIENG MAI SIAM.

thereby of his blood. We met here the King's
Chao Suang, the son of the last King of Siam,
lives on a pension which may compensate
him in part for not succeeding to his
father's throne. We sat quite a while
holding a silent conversation with
the Chao Dara, although Dr. Barnes was able to
talk Lao with her. She came in with her
mouth crammed with what looked like
shredded tobacco, but it was probably a
betel nut mixture. Then the servant brought
her anything he crawled in on hands
and knees and then crawled out.
After a while the Chao Dara showed us
the workshop where she was supervising
the making of the garments of the future
Queen of Siam, who was going to adopt
the Lao "sin" and reform the dress of
the true Siamese. The dresses were of
silk and were being woven on hand
looms by native women of Chiangmai.
The colors and patterns were lovely, — blues,

pinkish reds, gold & silver greens. The Chao Phra had invented the patterns by embroidering them on pieces of serim, which were used as guides by the weavers. The thread was being wound on a spinning wheel.

We then visited the native Silver-smiths. They work in primitive hammers hammering over silver bowls backed during the operation by a stiff wax. The women do the selling. From there we went to a lacquer master. The boxes are first woven out of bamboo fibres and then covered with a clayish mixture and surfaced with lacquer, hiding their structure. Patterns are scratched on by hand and then filled with color. We also visited a pottery where jars were being made on a wheel with marvellous dexterity. We also saw the sun bats, the elephant gate, and etc.

And the next morning we started back toward Bangkok, & and we are still on the way. On the initial motor ride we passed many women wearing yellow orchids in their hair, - a common custom. At Pitsanulok a big "tucktoo" lizard a foot long watched us eat dinner from his position on the wall. This is the third day on the road, and we shall soon reach Bangkok.

Lots & lots of love to you all,
Wilbur